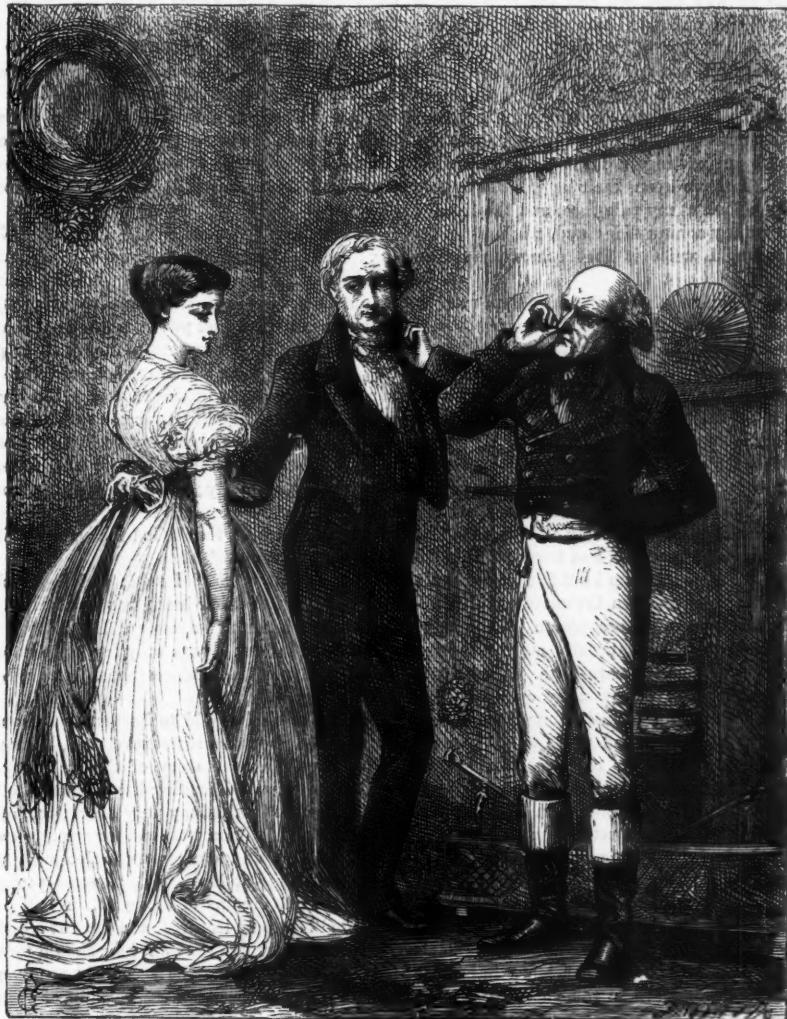


THE QUIETER

Saturday, May 19, 1866.



Drawn by PAUL GRAY.

[Engraved by DALZIEL.

"The stranger fixed a gaze upon my face that I found it hard to confront."—p. 547.

MY DEAD SISTER.

PART I.

IT is time that I should write this story, now that my hair is white, and sons and daughters call me "mother." They are better children than I was; but I often shudder at some sharp word or

angry look, and draw my breath quicker, and see —ah! what a picture do I see! and how hopeless is the effort to forget it!

This is a mountainous country; and our little

village (of which I am the lady) looks through a fold of the desolate hills upon a glimpse of the desolate sea. But at such times there comes a flash, and the dear old straggling cottage and its roses are before me, and the rolling lawn that is now an uproarious railway junction, and the lake that is drained, and the willows that are long cut down, and the pale, fair face of the sister that is now in heaven; and if I had not heard her forgiveness, and if I did not hope to meet her there, I think my sons would be motherless, and my girls desolate, before the morning. They have long known the story that I am writing in my widowed chamber now; and I have seen their angriest quarrels quieted by a look at my pale face, and the hand I pressed upon my aching side: and, while strength is left to me, I write it that others may take heed.

My sister Ellen was two years older than myself. She was born in London, just before my father retired from his bank with a fortune; so that I, Henrietta, saw the light in the peaceful, happy country. I grew up ruddy and strong; they called me "the red rose;" but my sister always was "the lily." I galloped across the country on my pony, while she hung over the flower-beds, or fed the perch in the lake, until she fancied they knew her voice; or painted the quiet nooks and placid scenery that lay around my father's lovely cottage. He had surrounded us with comforts, and tried hard to take the place of the mother whom I but faintly recollect; but the library was his own favourite haunt, political pamphlets were his occupation unceasingly, and I am told that he materially assisted in the great struggle against the corn-laws. A wise and tender heart; a brow furrowed by care before I drew the channels, for a little time, longer and more deep; a man who had made a noble competence without forgetting to be charitable and modest, and who preferred to live, as he was accustomed, in quiet comfort, rather than in cumbrous pomp. We loved and respected him, but we kept our secrets—our little sorrows and speculations—for one another, and grew up with solid principles, but little guidance in details. Nor did he know the fiery temper that his youngest girl—his "darling Harrie"—was afflicted with, nor how often Ellen's gentle will gave way before her more imperious sister's decrees, nor trace in the volatility that he complained of with my tutors, and the impulsiveness of my affection to himself, seeds of passion that were soon to make his hearth-fire cold.

We sisters spent our mornings in company, learned the same songs, and roamed, arm-in-arm, about the grounds. But, even there, Ellen was the first to sit down upon some bank or seat; and her face was always pale—not clouded, but a lustrous white; and her black eyelashes hung over rich, liquefiant eyes that were easily moist with

tears: a noiseless, melancholy, gentle girl, whose foot was quiet on the grass, as her voice by the bed of sickness. There, or in the villager's cabin, where some old dame could no longer read for herself, or among the little children at the school, her soft tones made music over the pages of St. John and the plaintive songs of David. Yet she never spoke of religion to me, her sister; and I remember once, when she was dangerously ill, going about with a question gnawing at my very heart—Was Ellen "prepared?" as our old nurse would put it; would Ellen be safe, if she were to die? But it was not for me to speak, who was giddy and headstrong to a proverb. She recovered, and my doubts were off.

How well do I remember her seventeenth birthday! All morning she had been alone, and at dinner she had scarcely spoken. A little gathering of our few chosen friends was to celebrate the evening, and I had just put on a low-bodiced muslin dress, when the door opened, and my sister glided in. A strange calm rested on her colourless face, her large eyes were distended and glittering, and her hair was still rippling over her naked shoulders. She threw her arms about my neck, and I started as I felt how thin they were—it had never yet struck me so painfully; when she said, in a hurried, low, glad whisper—

"Harrie, darling, thank God I have found it out! I have found it out!"

"Found out what?" I said; and it struck me, for a moment, that her brain was wandering.

"Relief—religion," answered Ellen. "I never knew them before; I was only trying to know—to persuade myself that I knew them. And seventeen years are gone."

She spoke as I would to heaven that thousands felt, whose lost years are not seventeen, but seventy.

"I have read the story of Christ eating with the Pharisees, and defending the woman who was a sinner; and it touched my very heart: for, at first, it seemed as if Simon were not far wrong—as if it would be bad and dangerous to let such people come about us—at least, without some probation; surely, no one dreams of doing so. At all events, I wanted her to be lectured, and kept at a distance. It seemed so strange that her hair should touch his feet, and her ointment be accepted: stranger still that she got off so easily—just weeping, and hanging about the Saviour, making no confessions, and no vows. By-and-by, however, it struck me that we keep sinners, of all sorts, away from us, less for their sakes than our own, as if they were infectious—the disease is taken so readily."

She stopped short, her voice wavered slightly, and her soft eyes looked away dreamily and steadily, as if something were visible to her beyond the level and misty horizon. I whispered, not very kindly, "Go on, Ellen; people will be here immediately;"

and she resumed, in a low murmur, as one who speaks in dreams—

“And, then, why should *Christ* keep her off? for he had nothing to be afraid of, and he knew, without any probation, whether her tears were impulsive or came from a deep source. So I settled that it was right and proper to forgive her on the spot. And, then, why not other people also?” Here she fairly sobbed and shook, as she cried out, “Oh, Harrie! why not you and me?”

But I felt angry and perplexed. This was the meaning of her thoughtfulness all the morning; and now, instead of pleasant talk and lively banter, I was doomed to be preached at and lectured by a sister whom I could neither silence nor avoid. I could have bit my lips with vexation and embarrassment, when a knock at the door relieved me, and I sent her away to dress.

When I entered the drawing-room a strange gentleman was standing before the fire, and talking confidentially with my father, as I knew at once, by the embarrassment of both, and the slight hesitation of my father’s manner, as he said, “Mr. Cooper, Harrie, my second daughter—Mr. Cooper.”

The stranger—a man of seventy, if one might guess, wrinkled and lynx-eyed—fixed a gaze upon my face that I found it hard to confront, then turned deliberately round, and took a pinch of snuff from my father’s box, upon the mantelpiece, and said—“Upon my word, Waterton, you need not be at all alarmed.”

It was very perplexing and unpleasant. Who was this person that neglected to bow to a lady, that had come to our party uninvited, in a black neckcloth and top-boots, and other inappropriate vestments? and why did my father not rebuke so insulting a remark as that his own daughter might prove dangerous? Instead of that, he looked ten years older upon a sudden, cried, nervously, “Hush! hush!” and said, in a melancholy tone that was not meant for me, “No, sir, no; I never was afraid of *her*.”

I turned, somewhat haughtily, to leave the room; and my father followed me, to say, “Desire Mrs. Warren to prepare a room for Mr. Cooper; and say nothing to your sister upon the subject now, and as little as possible at any time.”

Taking care not to linger with the housekeeper, I regained the room as soon as Ellen entered, feeling curious about the manner of her introduction to this odd visitor. Nothing, however, could be more courtly than his bow, or more offhand than his expression of regret for having “driven down, in bachelor fashion, to smoke a cigar with his old friend, at a time so very inappropriate. May I add, Miss Waterton,” said this suddenly polite old gentleman, “that I partly came to verify the glowing accounts I had heard of your fair sister and your-

self, and find myself in the same position as the Queen of Sheba with King Solomon; that is, my dear young lady, the half has not been told me.”

Thus he chatted on, like a decently well-bred magpie, said my growing impatience, till the company began to arrive, and he retreated into a corner. Yet I noticed, in the pauses of our country dances, which Ellen had lately been too weak to join, that his eyes were fixed on her; and, at last, he crossed over to the sofa where she sat, and talked to her, as I gathered, about Italy and Egypt, and a scorpion that had nearly deprived us of his company, “and relieved the world, as my friend Waterton would say, of part of its surplus population.” From Egypt to Palestine was a natural transition. Mr. Cooper had been there also, and, as he kindled with this theme, he was transformed, in a little time, even to my unfriendly glances, into a noble-looking man. His eye flashed, his voice grew mellow, he was plainly becoming earnest. He spoke to Ellen—this light and flippant jester, so rude and inattentive when he met me first—of the Man who had consecrated the soil for ever, in strains of enthusiastic loyalty.

Next morning I found them again together, strolling among the plantations; and I saw that Ellen had discovered some one like herself, to whom these things were living truths, who *believed*—what I and others could but assent to—the incarnation of a real and loving Lord.

There was a fresh and strange fascination also in his description of scenes which were not as well known then as they are now. But, though attracted, I was quite aware that Ellen heard with other ears than mine, and I resented and chafed under the difference. It seemed as though she were reproving me, and I felt almost insulted as he shook hands with us, after breakfast, when she said, with intense earnestness, “Well, Mr. Cooper, be assured of this, I shall never cease to value the advice that you have given me.”

A touch of mystery followed. He had already been closeted with my father for an hour; but I was standing in the window as he stepped into his gig, and distinctly heard him say, “Be quite easy, Waterton, but careful; and, remember, you must go abroad.”

What was this? I had read tales of mysterious visitors coercing wealthy men, by means of some guilty secret; but this was, I felt, a very different affair. Not my father, whom I revered from childhood, nor Mr. Cooper, whom I saw for the first time yesterday, could I believe to be concerned in such iniquity. Alas! when next I saw him, I understood the secret well, and knew what Mr. Cooper’s business at our house had been.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.



HE last intelligence received from the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund is as follows:—

TOPOGRAPHY.—Astronomical observations have been made, fixing the positions of Khan Minyeh, Mejdel, Tiberias, Kefr Argib (northeast end of lake), Wady Fik, Alma, Kefr Birim, Meiron, Alebon, and Nazareth, and considerable additions made to the map. Since reaching Banias, a district has been reconnoitred and plotted to a scale of one inch to a mile, extending from Belfort on the north, to Tabor on the south, and from the Jordan on the east, to Sepphoris on the west, giving with great exactness the main features of the country, the line of watershed, course of chief wadys, &c. The greatest error found in the existing maps is in the course of the wadys running into the plain of Gennesareth, the great bend of Wady Selameh, shown by Van de Velde as forming portion of Wady Amud, being really a continuance of Wady Rubadiyeh. The party had been disappointed in being able to take the mules round the Lake, and thoroughly explore the eastern side; the Governor of Tiberias, who appears to be at open war with the Bedouin, refusing to give an escort, while the muleteers would not cross the Jordan. Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson, however, hired a boat at Tiberias, and landed at the mouth of the Jordan, made a three days' walking excursion, during which they were able to examine the country to about half a mile below Wady Fik, till the weather compelled them to return to Tiberias. It appears that there is only one place, about half-way between Wady Fik and Wady Semakh, which fulfils all the conditions required by the Biblical narrative of the destruction of the herd of swine.

ARCHÆOLOGY.—Some excavations were made at Irbid, and detailed plans and drawings made of the building there, which is an old synagogue, but has suffered a good deal by having been at one time converted into a mosque. The caverns Kalat Ibn Maan were explored, and found to have been at one time used as a convent. At Tiberias the ruins of the old town occupy a larger area than had been expected, and an old aqueduct was traced, which supplied the town with water, to its source some miles off in the hills. At the north end of the Lake Et Tel was visited; the ruins there are small, and no trace of architectural detail could be found among them. On the plain several old sites were visited; one, near the northern edge, to which no name could be obtained, had a portion of the city wall standing, and a few basaltic fragments of architraves and cornices, one with a well-executed

scroll of vine leaves and grapes. On the shore were found some ruins called Kefr Argib, of some extent, but containing nothing remarkable; at the mouth of Wady Semakh are some ruins called Khera, much of the same character as those at Kefr Argib; at Kalat el Husn (Gamala) are numerous capitals and fragments; but no distinct plan of any building could be made out. The line of the entire street can still be plainly traced. From Tiberias they turned north again, to complete the examination of the Jurmuk district, and at some ruins called Nebartein discovered an old synagogue, on the lintel of which was an inscription in Hebrew, and over it a representation of the candlestick with seven branches, similar to the well-known one on Titus's Arch at Rome—a squeeze was taken of the inscription; at Kasyun the ruins of a small temple were found, and a mutilated Greek inscription; at Kefr Birim some small excavations were made to disclose the plans of the two synagogues, of both of which detailed plans, drawings, and photographs have been made. A plan was also made of the church at Yarun, the style of architecture of which is very peculiar, and like nothing they had seen elsewhere; the cross has been used with great freedom as an ornament, and no two capitals were found alike—on one were some curious designs, on another each face had a bust in the centre, &c. Two Greek inscriptions were found at Yarun, both mutilated. At Meiron, plans, &c., were made of the synagogue, and drawings of some of the tombs which are peculiar. At Um el Amud were found the ruins of another synagogue and a broken slab on which were two lions. Some fine sarcophagi, similar to those at Kedes, were found at Shallabbon (north of Kefr Birim).

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The following have been added to our list:—View of the Ghuweir from Khan Minyeh; view of the Aqueduct at Khan Minyeh; two views of ruins at Irbid; view of Kurn Hattin (Mount of Beatitudes); view of Wady el Hammam; view of ruins at Kalat el Husn (Gamala); view of Tiberias; view of lintel with inscription and candlestick, at Nebartein; four views of ruins at Kefr Birim; view of ruins at Meiron; view of large sarcophagus at Meiron; view of slab with lions at Um el Amud.

METEOROLOGY.—The three aneroids sent from London on the 10th of January, and forwarded by the ambassador at Constantinople, through the kind permission of Earl Russell and Mr. Layard, M.P., had reached the party the day they left Tiberias, and since then a regular series of barometrical and hygrometrical observations (unavoidably interrupted by the derangement of the aneroids and Gay Lussac barometer originally taken out) had been resumed.

Great assistance had been afforded by the Rev. Mr. Zeller, the Anglican clergyman at Nazareth, well known to travellers for his knowledge, ability, and kindness, who had drawn up lists of ancient sites, and intended accompanying them to Beisan, in the Jordan Valley, where his personal acquaintance with the Bedouin will be of the greatest assistance to the party in their explorations. From Beisan it was intended to go, *via* Zerin, to Sebastiye and Nablus, though, owing to the Adouan and Sukka Bedouin being at war, and a grand fight being imminent, it was probable the intended programme might be slightly altered.

The whole country round was very much disturbed, the people being in many places absolutely starving; the locusts had cleared off last year's crops, and were then eating up the Jordan valley, threatening to return to the mountains when the summer sets in; the cattle disease was so severe that enough cattle were not left to plough the land, and there was every prospect of an increase in the distress.

So far Captain Wilson. It will be observed that of the places mentioned in this hurried report, no less than five—viz., Kefr Argib, Kheresa, Nebartein, Alebon, and Um el Amud, are not to be found on the maps of Van de Velde or Schultz.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., INCUMBT OF CLERKENWELL.


HE analogy and resemblance between Israel in the wilderness and the Church in the world, is, in many ways, expressed in the Bible. All their experiences are our examples. The changes and chances, the vicissitudes and dangers, the light and shade, the alternations, phases, and fortunes of the people of Israel are all written for our learning, because the same things in substance are the daily lot of our own pilgrimage.

The Church of Christ on the earth is the lineal descendant of the "Church in the wilderness." The Israel of God, whether in profession or in reality, are now pursuing the journey toward the Land of Promise—the heavenly Canaan. Some of those that join the band will never reach the destination, by reason of the sin that doth so easily beset them; but, as a body, they are journeying on, through the onward stages of Christian experience and growth of the Divine life, to the better land; and as God was the providence to the journeying host of Israel, so is he now the guide and providence of his Church and people.

The Psalmist testifies—"He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel" (Ps. ciii. 7). Among these "ways" and "acts" of the Lord was the provision of the pillar of cloud and of fire (Ps. lxxviii. 14). This was one of the types of the better dispensation; and in allusion to this are the prophetic words of Isaiah, respecting the same providence over the Church of these last days—"And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night, for upon all the glory shall be a defence" * (Isa. iv. 5).

* Or, as Bishop Lowth translates this latter clause—"For over all shall the glory be a covering."

A review of the uses and purposes of this type of providence is capable of yielding much spiritual instruction to the soul. Let us, then, observe the intention of the type—

1. *As a Guide.*—The wilderness is a wild and barren waste. There are no beaten tracks, no foot-steps, no appointed highways. There the traveller may easily be lost, and can with difficulty be found again. The unskilful navigator, without compass, chart, or capstan, could not be more "at sea" than the traveller in the desert without a guide. The fugitive Israelites, fleeing in haste, would indeed have wandered hopelessly, and have been utterly lost, but for this guide in mercy provided for them from the first outset of their journey. In ignorance of their guidance, the pursuing Egyptians had quite made up their mind that such would be the immediate result of their flight. "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in" (Exod. xiv. 3). But it was not so; for the pillar of cloud was at once provided as the guide of the people.

It was also a *supreme* guide; and as such it was highly necessary to conduct the people safely through. It was authoritative and absolute as a guide that could not be mistaken, that must not be disobeyed. The authority of Moses was oftentimes disputed, and very frequently divided counsels rent the congregation into antagonistic sections and parties. Therefore was this wise and timely provision made—a sure and unerring guide, and therefore supreme. Amid the devious ways of the wilderness, amid many uncertainties and doubts, amid many fears, and fightings, and disputings, *this* was the guide of *God's way* through the wilderness, unmistakably leading the way, and saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Upon the departure of the people from Sinai, it was by the direct guidance of the cloud that their way was directed; for it is said that "the ark of the

covenant of the Lord went before them in the three days' journey, to search out a resting-place for them. And the cloud of the Lord was upon them by day, when they went out of the camp" (Numb. x. 33, 34). Thus, clothed upon with its glorious robe, ever visible by night or by day, this actual providence guided the people's path; and like a conquering prince, it careered onward before the host—whither it went, they went; whither it led, they followed; and when it stayed, they halted. It was the Lord's way, and not man's. Like the star of Bethlehem that went before the wise men, and led them on, until it conducted them to their destined end, so was the pillar of cloud and of fire to Israel in the wilderness. It was visible, indubitable, safe, certain, and supreme; whither it led, there was their undoubted path of duty and of safety. They were not left to secondary causes, nor to doubtful indications, nor to remote speculations. This was "an ever-present help in time of trouble," a sure guide, a certain forerunner, a present and palpable providence to the Church in the wilderness.

2. *As a Light.*—Israel had days of doubt, times of gloom, and night-seasons of darkness, with all the perils and dangers incident to the night—times when neither moon nor stars appeared, and when their hearts would be as dark as night, and their fears as gloomy as the grave. But see how their providence is here again provided: as the daylight drooped and night came on, the cloud grew bright and luminous with the flame of fire. This inward fire was ever burning as the candle of the Lord, within the cloud; but only in the darkness was it needed, and therefore only in the time of darkness did it shine forth. Thus is it that the providence of God appears bright and luminous when it most is needed—in the dark night of weeping. God's providence waits for the darker dispensations of our life and lot, and then it manifests itself as a light of fire, a light shining in a dark place. As was the cloud in the camps, so is Christ to the Church; as was the fire in the cloud, so is Christ to the Christian.

3. *As a Protection.*—“He spread a cloud for a covering; and fire to give light in the night” (Ps. cv. 39). When Egypt pursued the departing Israelites, the cloud removed, and stood *between* Israel and the Egyptians. Such is God's providence to his people; not only a light, but also a defence and shield, standing between his people and the harm designed against them. The cloud was the evidence to the heathen that the Lord Jehovah was with his people (Numb. xiv. 14), the cause of safety to Israel, and the cause of panic to their enemies; light to Israel, and darkness to the heathen. Thus are all God's providences—light and protection to them that fear him, and darkness and anger to them that fear him not. And thus

did this pillar of cloud and of fire continue as the ever-watchful attendant of the people, waiting in the advancing footsteps of the pilgrim-fathers of the desert, and as a burning light, shedding a lustre over the dark ways in which they sometimes trod. It directed them, for their safety and protection, when to halt, where to tarry, how long to stay, and when to march again (Numb. ix. 22). It was as the hen that gathereth her chickens under her wings; and well was it for Israel when they lay under the protection of the coverlet of the cloud. It was as Jonah's gourd, a protection and a covering, but no worm at its root to wither it. It was as the helmet of salvation, covering their head in the day of battle. Hence, again, the evangelical prophecy—“And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain” (Isa. iv. 6).

4. *As a Refreshment.*—The cloud in the wilderness seems at times to have outspread itself, and so to have refreshed the people by its grateful shade, screening them from the scorching sun of the parched and sandy desert. The cloud thus diffused would also distil the droppings of the dew, and at times, charged with rain, would refresh the people with its welcome showers. In allusion to this, most probably, were the words of Paul—“How that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptised unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea” (1 Cor. x. 12). This would suggest a double type of baptism—a baptism of effusion, by the dropping of the dew “under the cloud,” and a baptism of immersion “in the sea.” And both of these would be the emblems of the “refreshing” of the Holy Ghost, reviving our souls, and causing the dews of his heavenly grace to fill our hearts with joy and gladness.

5. *As an Admonition.*—Albeit the cloud was glorious and brilliant, yet it was not sunshine, but a *cloud*. A cloud is a gloomy thing at times; yea, even when set in a silver lining, or fringed with the golden sunlight. That cloud, as it stayed in its journey, and settled down upon the tabernacle, and gave the signal for the halting of the host, was a monitor to Israel. And in this way:—The forty years' wandering was the great penalty of Israel's unbelief. Therefore each halt and sojourn of the people would be a part of the penalty. Every day they tarried, they would be so long delayed upon their journey, and restrained from the Land of Promise, and withheld from the ultimate accomplishment of their purpose—“Or whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abide in their tents, and journeyed not: but when it was taken up, they journeyed” (Numb. ix. 22). Thus the cloud was to

them an admonition that they were not fit for the march, and must be restrained from their progress, and so relinquish their journey for a season. Surely, those of the people who were intent upon the fulfilment of the promise would be impatient of these delays; and gladly would they see the uplifting of the cloud, addressing itself to motion, and bidding them once more—"Go forward!"

6. As a Manifestation of God's Glory.—The cloud was the dwelling-place of Jehovah's presence. Within it God tabernacled among men, and from it he manifested forth his glory. It was the type of God veiled in human flesh, and showing forth his glory by his miracles and power. The mystery and majesty of the cloud would impress the people with the awfulness of God. It was the glory of the Lord resident among his people. Hence, in the day of wrath upon Egypt, it is said that "the Lord looked into the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud;" that is, God dwelt there, and from thence he revealed his glory to the people of Israel, and his wrath upon their enemies. And, in after-days, amid Israel's oft unbelief, the cloud, as the glory of the Lord, was the arbiter and umpire of the people. In the murmuring of the people for bread, it is said that "the whole congregation looked toward the wilderness, and, behold, the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud" (Exod. xvi. 10). It was in people upon earth.

the cloud, more dense and more awful, that God appeared when he gave the law from Sinai (Exod. xix. 16). When the people lusted for flesh at Taberah, and Moses sought counsel of the Lord, it is said that "the Lord came down in a cloud, and spake unto him" (Numb. xi. 25). In the mutiny of Aaron and Miriam against Moses, it is said that "the Lord came down in the pillar of the cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle, and called Aaron and Miriam" (Numb. xii. 5). When the evil report was brought up by the untruthful spies, "the glory of the Lord appeared in the tabernacle of the congregation" (Numb. xiv. 10). And in the rebellion of Korah and his company, the glory of the Lord again appeared (Numb. xvi. 19). Thus was it that the glory of the Lord was manifested to Israel always "in the cloud." And so it was also when the glory of Christ was manifested: it was in a cloud that he was transfigured; in a cloud he ascended; and in a cloud of glory he will come again.

Such were some of the principal uses and purposes of that suggestive and eloquent typical institution of the Church in the wilderness—the pillar of cloud and of fire. It was for a guide, for light, for protection, for refreshment, for admonition, and for the manifestation of the Divine glory. And all these God's providence now is to his Church and

THE PRIMROSE.

 WEEET firstling flower
Of Flora's flock,
Pretty, pretty primrose,
How canst thou bear
The wintry air,
And storm-winds shock,
Primrose,
Little, little primrose.

The softest hour
In Summer's train,
Fairest, fairest primrose,
Would seem too bleak
For thy pale cheek,
Pride of the lane,
Primrose,
Little, little primrose.

The tall trees stand
With trembling mien,
Baby, baby primrose,
While thy calm eye,
Fixed on the sky,
Remains serene,
Primrose,
Little, little primrose.

Who bade thee choose
That mossy bed,
Modest, modest primrose;
And made the dew
Of heav'n fall through
Upon thy head,
Primrose,
Little, little primrose?

Dost thou refuse
To answer me,
Timid, timid primrose?
Ah, well, dear flower!
I know the Power
That cherished thee,
Primrose,
Little, little primrose.

Held in His hand
The weak are strong,
Fragile, fragile primrose;
Safe in His love
Thou lookst above:
So shall my song!
Primrose,
Little, little primrose.

A. W. BUTLER.

STREET WAIFS.

HERE are two things which, Tan-talus-like, he ever desires, never obtains. The one is to overset the Government—the other is to mend his trousers." Thus it is that Victor Hugo sums up, in his celebrated book, "Les Misérables," the life and aims of the *gamin* of Paris. If this be true, our London street boy has nothing in common with his brother of the Seine. But the chances are, that Victor Hugo being a poet, and French being a delicious language for epigram and antithesis, the naked truth has got clothed in figures of speech.

Whether he is found on the boulevards or in Trafalgar Square, the street boy, by day-light, is a tempting subject to a poetic mind. He is a defiant remnant of nature—savage nature—which civilisation has attempted to stamp out and bury under the paving-stones and four-storied shops and lofty public buildings. His garb has much of the negligence and scantiness which appear the height of fashion to the untutored mind of the poor Indian. His motions are like those of the dusky race pictured by the disappointed lover of "Locksley Hall." If he cannot "catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl his lance in the sun," he can, at least, keep up with a 'bus, throwing in an occasional cartwheel, and he can "heave" a stone very nearly as high as the Nelson monument. His language is like that of some wild tribes of Central Africa—at least, it is as unintelligible to the uninitiated.

He is, then, we will admit, a picturesque subject, about whom Hugo may exaggerate and be forgiven. And, after all, the smart, telling sentence with which I began this article is little more than an exaggeration. If by Government is meant 299 A, the assertion is a true one. The street boy undoubtedly desires to overset the policeman, for the policeman rules him sternly—often tyrannically; and the "defiant remnant of savage nature" naturally objects to all rule, just as naturally as a worthy conservative lady of my acquaintance once told me "she objected to all improvements." But the street Arab is not a revolutionist, or even a Chartist: he probably does not know the meaning of the terms. He might join in an outbreak, but it would be merely for the mischief and excitement—not from any hostility to Government.

Thus far the correction of Hugo's first proposition: now for the second. If by the desire to mend his trousers we are to understand a wish for comfortable clothing, good food, and things of that sort, we must admit that such a wish for mere animal

comfort must, of course, be expected of him. The roughest cur dog will coil himself up in a doorway, out of the rain.

The street Arab would certainly have no sentimental or aesthetic notions about the mending of trousers. There is not a trace of the "Sartor Resartus" about him. If the seat of his pantaloons ever entered his head, it would be when, by sitting down on a cold door-step, he was reminded that it was "conspicuous by its absence."

As a rule, however, he does not sit down. When he is not slouching, running, posturing, or doing cartwheels, he is coiled up, dog-fashion, for purposes of rest, or down on his knees, either for boot-polishing purposes or with a view to pitch-farthing—"pitch-farthing" being a sort of humble "chuck-half-penny," I suppose, just as "rounder" is "cricket" in reduced circumstances.

The street Arab—defiant remnant of savage nature though he be—has to submit so far to civilisation as to work for a living. Brooms, brushes, and blacking—three busy "b's"—were, not very long since, his chief means of earning an honest penny. Cigar-lights and cheap newspapers have, of late, widened the field of his enterprise; but they are branches of commerce which imply capital; and the possession of capital—say twopence—is not often the happiness of the real street Arab. The vending of newspapers, especially, is a trade which speedily raises him to the position of a millionaire among Arabs. But it requires more capital than even twopence to embark in it with any great chance of success.

The street Arab is gregarious—so gregarious that he has found means to make such occupations as boot-cleaning and crossing-sweeping (avocations which, at first sight, would seem likely to be profitable only when solitary) manageable, on the joint-stock principle. You seldom come on a single shoe-black; and although, as you pass over a crossing, only one sweep accosts you, you will generally see a few others hanging about. The fact is, that a crossing has to be held "against all comers," like the lists of old; and that a gang of boys take possession of one, arranging that each member shall have a right to "call" any one who crosses—that is, the passenger falls to the one who first claims him, after the fashion of "cribs I first," of school-boy days.

The street Arab, in short, may be regarded as the real originator of joint-stock companies with a limited liability.

Whence does the street Arab come? It is not an easy question to answer. I fancy some are born street Arabs; some achieve street-Arabdom,





"Curled up under a dark arch." —p. 554.

and others have street-Arabdom thrust upon them. The first are the children of very poor or of very vicious parents, thrown adrift on the streets early—not seldom orphans or illegitimate children; the last are boys who have been driven from home by the cruelty of step-parents, or who have lost situation and character for some real or supposed act of dishonesty. Those who achieve street-Arabdom—the second class—are boys, sometimes respectably born and brought up, who have the Bohemian element in them so strongly that they cannot stop under a roof. Liberty—liberty even to starve and go in rags—is their mania. These are the street Arabs the most difficult to manage; in fact, I fear, the incurables. Of the other two classes, I doubt not a large majority would be, and are, glad of a chance of escape from the streets. To rescue them is a mere matter of machinery. A proper organisation must rescue those who desire to be rescued. They would clutch at straws; and if, instead of straws, strong and willing hands are held out to them, they may be preserved to become useful members of society. But I confess that our friend "the street Arab from choice" is not so easy a subject to deal with; and yet he is the one who most perhaps needs reclamation, for he is the most dangerous to society and the most injurious to himself.

One thing is certain, it won't do to try and bring him in by main force. His hankering after liberty is so strong that not a suggestion of restraint must show itself. He must be treated indulgently, and his faults must be regarded with a friendly eye. The only method that will avail with him must be something analogous to the system of horse-breaking in the far West, where the troops of wild horses roam at will over the vast plains; the traveller over which can catch any individual steed, will find him manageable and docile, may ride him a certain number of miles, and then turn him loose to return to liberty.

Something of this sort was essayed a short time since by a number of gentlemen, who invited the street boys to a supper, and questioned them as to their histories and occupations. But I fear the young colts, many of them, while they enjoyed the sieve-full of oats, suspected that it was intended to slip a bridle over their heads.

Of their histories, as related on that occasion, we must not be too ready to believe the whole. Like other savages, the street Arab is addicted to an imaginative and poetical diction which it would be too severe to describe as lying. But, whether wilful falsehood or unintentional poetry, their narratives are not trustworthy; and, I think, to ask for them was a little too likely to appear as if the bridle were going to be slipped on. In my

opinion, a great deal might be done by providing "the street Arab from inclination" with food and shelter, without asking any questions. You may tame him, by degrees, by kindness and good feeding; a full stomach and a dry skin will undermine the craving for liberty, if anything will; and, in the meantime, a great disgrace will be removed from the national records. It is an indelible blot on the history of a Christian people that such a sight as is revealed in the picture accompanying this paper should exist among us.

There is a large per-cent of the street Arabs easily reclaimable, ready to submit to civilisation, and escape from the hard streets. Let them, by all means, be brought in. There is also a certain number who have too much of the savage Bohemian instinct to be easily reduced; but let even these wilful and wild creatures have food, shelter, and necessary clothing. Kindness may tame them; they will be saved many a temptation, and a disgrace will be taken away from us as a nation.

But this, it may be suggested, is fostering savage and undisciplined natures. Well, I don't know; but the instinct which drives these lads into the street must be a strong one; for, however poetical a street Arab's life may seem by day, it is a hard, sore reality by night. If this evil spirit which possesses them is not to be driven out by fasting, and cold, and hard-lying; by wet, and wind, and the persecutions of the policeman, the only chance I can see—the only remedy that remains to be tried—is the one I suggest. Let them be fed, clothed, and housed—not luxuriously—and let them have as much of their loved liberty as possible. For, after all, this yearning of theirs—to satisfy which they sacrifice much and suffer more—is only one form of the great impulse which has done so much for our race. It is a yearning deteriorated and defiled, mayhap, but still akin to the noble impulse which warmed the heart of Hampden; a reflection—in a muddy pool, perhaps—of the beacon-fire which led the Pilgrim Fathers across the seas to unknown lands.

By all means rescue "the street Arab from compulsion;" but do not despair or be disheartened, still less disgusted, about "the street Arab from inclination." There is something finer about him than the others; something that will repay you for his troubles; something that may make him valuable as a man; something that possibly is filling his dreams with strange fancies as he lies yonder, curled up under a dark arch, with the voice of the dark, curious, solemn river—a sort of impersonation of liberty—whispering to him in the long, chill watches of the night.

T. H.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG

GOD'S ARROWS.

ROSE had her cousin, little Ella, to spend the day with her. Papa was to come home early in the evening to take the two little girls a walk through the lavender fields. These fragrant fields wafted sweetness through the air a great distance round. And papa returned, and they all set off on their ramble.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, a little warm and sunny to be sure, but the children did not mind that, they so enjoyed the pleasant holiday. After they had passed the heath, the way grew more shady, and they sat down to rest for some time under the shadows of a fine old oak-tree, where the cousins were soon busily employed in making a chain of the white bryony, one of our most lovely creeping plants. It had been trailing over the hedges as they passed, and Mr. Lumley had gathered it for the little girls.

I think he was the chief artificer of the chain, for he was very busy with them under the old oak-tree.

It was a pretty sight, those young creatures with the long twining stems and green vine-like leaves of that graceful flower all about and around them. And so they went on laughing and chatting, though sometimes too busy for either, till Mr. Lumley reminded them it was time to proceed with their walk to the lavender fields. They had not observed, while sitting in that pleasant shade, that very dark clouds had been gathering, and were now rising rapidly up into the heavens.

"We shall have a thunder-storm," papa said to Rose. "I only hope it will not overtake us on the heath, for I fear it will be a heavy one."

They heard the distant thunder, and Rose began to cry.

"Is my darling such a little coward?" papa said; "look at Elly, she is as bold as a lion."

"I used once to be very much afraid of a thunder-storm," the little girl said; "but I do not mind it now."

"I do not fear the thunder," exclaimed Rose; "it is the lightning, the dreadful lightning that frightens me."

Just then a vivid flash, like a fiery arrow, darted down into the earth. Even Ella was startled, and Rose shrieked with terror, and clung to her father, begging him to take her home. She knew they had some way yet to walk, but she was so frightened she did not think of what she said. The storm was now passing over them with great

violence, but Elly was calm enough to say to Rose, very steadily—

"Don't be afraid of the lightning; oh, don't be afraid! Papa says the flashes are God's arrows."

"But they can kill us all the same for that," sobbed out Rose.

"If they do kill us, they need not hurt us," Ella answered.

I don't think she could have said much more, for the loud thunder was like a volley of artillery, and seemed to shake the very earth.

Before they reached home the sky was quite clear again, but they were wet through and through. There was a great deal of bustling and changing clothes, and when they were settled down at the tea-table, Ella's papa had joined them at tea. Rose thought she should very much like to ask him about the flashes of lightning being "God's arrows." She still had a great deal of shamefacedness hanging about her on account of her terror during the thunder-storm. Elly had behaved so much better than she, so she blushed and whispered to Elly, and Elly blushed and laughed when there was no reason for laughing—why do young girls always laugh at nothing?—and then she spoke out boldly to her papa, and asked him for the wonderful story.

"There was once a mighty king," he said, "so terrible in war, that all his enemies were afraid of him; the very sound of his name made them tremble. His arm was so strong that horse and rider sunk under one blow of his battle-axe, and when he struck with his sharp sword, his enemies fell dead at his feet. His bow and quiver were slung at his side, and his arrows never failed of their mark. This mighty king had a little fair-haired daughter, who watched him as he prepared for battle. She saw him put on his helmet, and she laughed as the plumes nodded about his brow; she saw him bind his quiver firmly to his side, and she played with the outpeeping feathers of her father's arrows; she watched him take his keen sword in his hand; he tried its edge, and then brandished it about in the air. She laughed as it sparkled in the sunlight, and even while it was upheld she ran to her father to take a parting kiss. Why was not that little child afraid of the mighty king with his fierce weapons? Because he was her father. She knew that he loved her, loved her as his own life; she knew that those dangerous weapons would never be raised against her, and therefore she could be fearless in the midst of them."

"Oh! now I see," said little Rose, losing all her shyness, while the great tears stood in her eyes;

"I see what Ella meant when she said that the lightnings were God's arrows."

"Oh, how foolish was my fear!
When the bright-winged lightning sped
Right across the black storm-sky;
God, my Father, ruled on high,
Yet I was sore troubled,
Quite forgetful He was near.

"Help me, Jesus, through the dark,
When thy golden arrows fly,
In my sorrow and dismay,
To behold thee on the way,
Guiding with unerring eye
Every arrow to its mark."

OUR LITTLE PATTIE.
A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

PETTY, petted sister Pattie,
Precious to us beyond measure;
Proud are we, and fond, and careful
Of our prattling, patterning treasure:

Prattling, prattling baby wonders,
Baby love and baby lore;
Pattering, patterning—tiny traveller!—
Jaunts and journeys on the floor.

Large and lustrous eyes of hazel,
Twinkling like the stars of night;
Restless stars that flicker, flicker,
Little liquid gems of light.

Little lips like shining cherries,
Cheeks a-flower of ruddy roses,
Arms and legs all plump and rounded,
Hands most meet to carry posies.

Clustering hair, bewaved and golden,
Quite a little curly-wig!
How it dances as she prances
Up and down, in romp and jig!

Yesterday our sister Pattie
To the meadow-hill we took,
Through the green, dyke-sided alley,
And across the wimpling brook.

Pattie placed we on a hillock,
And, with flow'rets sweet and gay,
Wreathed a coronet of blossom,
Crowned her Princess Pattie May!

Long may thou be with us, sweetie,
In thy gladness; yet if riven
Were the tie that binds thee to us,
Thou wouldest wear a crown in heaven.

¶

KEY TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—No. 6.

"Agag."—1 Sam. xv. 8.

1. A donijah	2 Sam. iii. 4.
2. G ethsemane	Matt. xxvi. 36.
3. A dam	Gen. ii. 19.
4. G itties	Josh. xiii. 3.

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

RIVERCROFT.

MRS. TREGABBIT'S requests on the part of her charge, were both so ample and so reasonable for a young lady of fortune, that Mr. Graspington, chafe as he might, could not gainsay them. The lawyers certainly sided with the lady; for they knew she would not keep down their expenses, or look too curiously at bills. Besides, young Mr. Clip had his own reasons for wishing to be on very friendly terms with the executrix of Mr. Ormond's will; and as he took a part in the business, of which his father was the most active partner, his hints and suggestions were always attended to. So Mr. Graspington was fain to yield, and to turn over in his mind whether he could not make a virtue (*i.e.*, a profit) out of necessity, by adopting readily all Mrs. Tregabbit's ideas of what was fitting and appropriate.

Accordingly, he went down, about a fortnight after the funeral, to Rivercroft Lodge, to have a look at the

house. He knew that Mrs. Tregabbit had taken Miss Ormond to Richmond for a change, and he did not expect to meet them at the Lodge. But he underestimated Mrs. Tregabbit's activity. She had gone to Richmond in order to be near Rivercroft Lodge, and to amuse herself and cheer Kate by going most days to see the progress that the workmen were making in some alterations, which, as the projected wedding-tour was to have extended into September, were not, according to the builder's contract, to be complete before the end of August. She now rather fidgeted at this delay; and, if the alterations had not been begun, and were therefore in that wonderful disorder out of which the builder evokes order, she would have been well content with the house as it was before. But it was a peculiarity of the deceased: as Mr. Graspington said, contemptuously, "Ormond pulled down for the sake of building up—just like him."

Any one who saw Rivercroft on a summer's day would not wonder that people longed to live in it. Not that it was a splendid mansion, such as some that might be seen from its windows, spreading a stately frontage

to the gleaming river, amid clustering trees and flowery shrubs—no; it was a low-roofed house, originally a mere cottage; but it had been enlarged, at one end, by drawing-rooms, with windows opening to the lawn, and at the other, a dining-room and library had been added—the original dwelling forming the centre—with a pretty terrace under a veranda, and containing cosy breakfast-rooms and boudoir, with glass doors in quaint nooks under trellis work, which was quite overgrown with delicate climbing plants and a profusion of roses. As to the bedrooms, they were so distributed by the irregularity of the building, that they seemed to lie in ambush at the head of little branching staircases, and through unexpected lobbies. They none of them were lofty; but all had casement windows so garlanded with shrubs, and commanding such sweet river, land, or garden views, that nothing could be pleasanter. Even the dullest window on the shady side of the house opened over a whole bed of lilies of the valley. The lawn was now a perfect level, smooth and elastic to the tread. It had once sloped down direct to the river; but now was bounded by a second terrace at the opposite end, the steps from which led to a flower garden, skirted by a low shrubbery, through which there was a path to a sheltered walk on the bank of the river, where a little boat-house admitted of a rustic arbour being built on its roof, which was allowed to project slightly over the river; indeed, at high tides it was a little liable to be injured by the flood.

This pleasure-ground, of course, was flanked on either side by flower and kitchen garden—a very fine group of elm-trees being at the rear, hiding the coach-house and stables, which were at the back and road side of the dwelling.

Mr. Graspington had only once seen the place, and that was a year ago, soon after Mr. Ormond bought it. He had gone down with his friend, and the day turning out wet, of course it did not look its best, and he had pitied the folly that could prefer investing money in a house, not merely expensive at first, but that would cost so much to keep up, instead of doing as he himself had done but recently—bought a whole nest of houses in some populous alleys in Whitechapel, where fifty per cent. on the outlay was sure to be made by the rents—sure, for this strange but sufficient reason—the tenants were poor.

Now, however, Mr. Graspington saw Rivercroft in the sunshine, it certainly surprised him. He had gone down in the Hampton Court omnibus, because that passed close to the back of the house, and, avoiding the best entrance, he marched through stables and offices, and entered the dwelling. "Well, to be sure! Upon my word! I never fooled money away in this fashion!" were his comments. The pretty knick-knackeries and delicate profusion of trifles that were lying partially unpacked in the rooms, excited his contemplative amazement. "Fortune!" he said, "why, the man that gets a girl with tastes like these will find she'll soon spend a fortune. I'd never allow it—never! On principle I'd put it down. Do women ever reflect on the cost of these things, and calculate the interest on the first outlay?—not they, the geese!"

He was hissing out the words, when in a large mirror opposite he saw the lawn, and at the farther side of it two ladies in black, whom he instantly knew as his ward and her matronly guardian.

Tightening up his lips into what he meant to be a smile, he stepped through the open glass door, approached them, and, bowing to Mrs. Tregabbit, took Miss Ormond by the hand with a fatherly air that became him, and said, "I'm glad to see you looking better, my dear. It's a day to do us all good—not that I am ever ill in any weather; but of course I prefer sunshine. You've a sweet place here—very. Ah, young lady, it's well to be you. Now, in my young days, the paving-stones for walking on, and a back shop to sleep in, was my lot. What then? I rose; and, if I haven't laid my money out in flower-beds, well—it's because it's not my principle. I don't object to others doing it—but it's not my way."

"Oh, sir, we shall teach you to love flowers. You must come and see us often," said Kate, her soft cheek flushing as she spoke; for her style of beauty was very delicate, and her skin being thin and fine, its tint varied with any exertion or emotion—a face sweet, and rather languid in repose, but with a capability of very varied expression. The countenance, like the tall, slight form, was not as yet quite developed. Perhaps on that account it contrasted strikingly with the full-blown comeliness of Mrs. Tregabbit. They might have served an artist as studies of the animal and the spiritual. Something of this crossed Mr. Graspington's mind, and he did not so much fear that his ward would not agree with, or be uncomfortable under Mrs. Tregabbit's care, as that, to use the expressive word which he afterwards employed, in speaking on the subject to Mrs. Keziah Crabbe, she would be "over-crowded." He felt, for the first time in his life, rather in that predicament himself, and while talking to the two, and sauntering about the grounds and through the house, his long-forgotten and entirely unknown granddaughter came more than once to his mind. He saw a means of saving himself further expense, of placing the girl in a position to provide for herself, and a certainty that he should be kept well informed of all that went on in the house of his ward. Another idea too, which had glanced upon his mind more than once since Mr. Ormond's death, returned with greater power and clearness. It had reference to his grandson.

So for once he was particularly bland and pleasant; made no demur to Mrs. Tregabbit's notions of what was right and fitting in the decorations of the inside or outside of the house. Though of course he asserted himself by saying, "I voluntarily resign such matters—in short, I rise above them—business is my pleasure."

To which Mrs. Tregabbit laughingly replied, "And pleasure is my business."

If ever in the range of Kate Ormond's education, an opinion contrary to both these modes of thought, and involving higher views of life, had been presented to her mind, it was not apparent now,—for with a young girl's desire in her first sense of deprivation of natural protectors, to cling to those provided for her, she strove to consider that each of her new guardians was right.

Mr. Graspington was one of those energetic "self-made men" of whom she had read, and Mrs. Tregabbit was just the indulgent, happy creature that entered into, and indeed anticipated, all young people's wants. That any dross of selfishness alloyed the ore never at that time occurred to her. Kate felt a pained consciousness that she had been a spoiled child in her father's lifetime, and, like a spoiled child, had often been exacting and disobedient. Sins of omission and commission which had been long forgotten, now seemed to spring up from memory's depths to trouble her. Who on losing a cherished relative or friend escapes that Nemesis? The effect of this conviction was to make Kate humble, and distrustful of her own judgment—both doubtless admirable qualities in the young, if they are under good guidance. Our readers will see the full force of that "if."

Whether the languor of Kate's manner added to her naturally pensive expression, certain it was that Mrs. Tregabbit thought it incumbent on her to say—

"We must have you cheerful, my dear; and bring back your roses in this sweet place. You must ask your young friends—I suppose you have left many at school—we must have them to see you."

"My only school friend went to India last winter. I made no other intimacy. Ah! if only my brother and my sister had lived—but they both died in infancy."

"It would have materially altered your position," said Mr. Graspington, in blunt surprise; but the young spirit did not give the worldly interpretation to his words, for she assented, earnestly raising eyes that were gleaming and dilated with unshed tears to his face—

"It would, indeed. A sister's love, a brother's care—their companionship—what a comfort! but they died, and I am alone."

"I heard, my child," said Mrs. Tregabbit, deprecatingly, "that they died in their earliest infancy. You never knew them, and, therefore, surely, love, you cannot mourn for them."

"I only thought how sweet it would be. Indeed, I am not ungrateful for all your kindness; pray do not think me so—but I cannot but feel my loneliness. If my father's sister, Mrs. Oakenshaw, whom you mentioned to me, were but a true kinswoman—"

"Ah, but she is not," interrupted Mrs. Tregabbit, very decisively. "Never for years kept up any intercourse with her brother—one of the kindest of men! and, of course, there must have been a reason, a good reason, for his not naming her in his will. And then her sending her stepson appeared so mercenary."

"So very mercenary," echoed Mr. Graspington; adding, "It's all very nice and pretty of you, Miss Ormond—quite lady-like and proper, no doubt, to talk as you do about sisters—but I never had any sisters or brothers—not I. What then? I've done without them." He threw out his hands as if dispensing with or dispersing a whole troop. "I've stood alone—fought the battle of life by myself."

"Have you really, sir?—how sad! I thought I had heard dear papa say you had a son—or a grandson, was it?"

"Oh, my dear young lady, I've had weights to drag up-hill with me, or after me; yes, yes, plenty of them."

Kate looked rather puzzled; and Mrs. Tregabbit, laughing, interposed, "Ah, well, your weights, my good sir, may have steadied you."

"Madam, I beg to say I am not conscious of wanting steady," replied Mr. Graspington, in a reprobating tone; "I always went right on."

"Yes, yes; you're a strong, determined, resolute, wonderful kind of man, I know: you can't be expected quite to understand Kate here, poor darling, and me."

"Pardon me; I think I do understand our young friend very well. She feels lonely, even with you—wants a young companion, some one about her own age. I can't say that was ever my case; but there are doubtless differences of character and feeling." He uttered the last word as if making the utmost allowance for human weakness, and continued, gaily, "I have been hearing all about these gardens and the house, and I really might have rather demurred—that is, Mrs. Tregabbit, I might have talked a little more than I have with you about pounds, shillings, and pence, which our young friend here need not be troubled with; for of course that is not for her comprehension; but I must suggest one thing—a young lady companion."

"Ah! after we return home that can be arranged; you know we are going away for a short time. Those tiresome workmen are so slow, and Miss Ormond may as well have a little sea air. Dear me! is that rain?" she exclaimed, suddenly, as a few drops fell. "Come in—come in, dear child; I do think there'll be a thunder-storm."

C H A P T E R V I I .

ON THE WING.

MR. GRASPINGTON soon took leave, after they all entered the house, his mind for the present full of his determination to have Edina, his long-unnoticed granddaughter, installed as the companion of his ward. He felt glad now that Mrs. Tregabbit had introduced, a few days before, what at the time he had considered an offensive, interfering conversation about his family affairs. She had sought, he suspected, to annoy or humble him by parading to him her knowledge of painful incidents long since past. Now, he resolved, as he was obliged to yield to so many of her expensive fancies, that he would certainly make some conditions. Mrs. Tregabbit's social position, in a handsome house, and with the care of one who might be considered an heiress, was far beyond what her jointure as Captain Tregabbit's widow could command, even though her husband was part-owner in several vessels. She owed him something in return for his complacency as co-executor, and with no want of tact—for he was very keen where his interests were concerned—he resolved to take the first opportunity of telling her privately that he had reflected on what she had suggested about his granddaughter, and had made arrangements for complying with her wish to have the young girl at Riverscroft. With great self-gratulation he settled this plan. It was a good stroke of what he called "generalship," to represent that he had acted solely in accordance with what he had understood to be her wish. Of course,

whether she liked the girl or not, she could not come to an open rupture; and, as to Kate objecting to any one of his family being domesticated with her, he had too poor an opinion of her intellect, after the wish for brother or sister, or both, which he had that day heard her express, to fear her opposition. "Why, she's a mere child. Not a notion that her fortune—a very pretty sum, very pretty, indeed, for one—would be a mere trifle for three, I do believe I had more gumption at seven years of age—but, there, *I* had my way to make, and *I* 've made it!"

These cogitations introduced ulterior plans. His granddaughter at Rivercroft, his grandson could then visit there. Of course, if Gilbert had seen nothing of Edina hitherto, that was easily accounted for, and there would be arrears of attentions to make up. All but brother and sister, and no other near relations, intimacy would be sure to spring up. Should Gilbert once get a footing at Rivercroft, why if he had, to use his grandfather's expression, but half an eye, he would see his own interests, and win the heiress.

How glad Mr. Graspington was that he had demurred to the expense of making Gilbert an articled clerk at the firm where he had placed him. The youth had most urgently entreated him to do so, but hitherto Mr. Graspington had postponed it, allowing him to be merely a supernumerary clerk with the firm he served. Some vague and mean notion about picking up cheaply a knowledge of law had been in Mr. Graspington's mind, until Gilbert nearly desperate at the delay, had only recently come to the resolution that when he was of age, which would be in a few months, he would make arrangements to bind himself some years, and work out his articles.

All these designs for the future, which were so clear in the mind of the designer, were singularly wanting in one particular: Mr. Graspington had never troubled himself to think how far his grandchildren would be willing or able to aid his plans. Like many people, he was a little too clever. In looking afar off he overlooked the near at hand—never troubled himself about the mind or character of those whom he regarded as blind instruments, guided by his iron will. Gilbert's personal appearance he did think of, and with a certain satisfaction, for the women-folk—by which term he meant only his cousin Kizzy—had dinned into his ears that Gilbert who was a favourite with her, "was a very fine fellow of his inches—an undeniably fine fellow;" and so, though Mr. Graspington had been miserably disappointed in his children, he was suddenly ambitious for his grandchildren, and began to legislate for mind as if it was as easily ruled as mere matter.

Mrs. Tregabbit, on her part, was by no means unwilling that a young companion should be found for her ward. She did not want, when they were once settled in the new home, to be compelled to be always with Kate, or never to be able to leave her: it would be a tie that might become a fetter, and must be guarded against. And it would be as well to yield, in some particulars, to Mr. Graspington, so that she might gain her point in others. Besides, if she consulted her coadjutor's interest, he could do no less than consult hers. And with

all her rhodomontade and oppressive talent both for interference and management, she was not without heart; and the thought that Mr. Graspington had so completely left his granddaughter unnoticed, stimulated both her kindness and her curiosity. Certainly she did not forget that the grandfather was reputed to be rich, and none but these two children to inherit his wealth; still, as it would be annoying to have either a very clever or a very stupid girl with them, she resolved to get the exact address of the French school from Mrs. Keziah, and, under the plea of giving Kate a complete change, going over to reconnoitre.

While, therefore, Mr. Graspington was astonishing his grandson by writing for him to come to town with as little delay as was consistent with an honourable withdrawal from his present employers, Mrs. Tregabbit was passing in review the claims of various sea-side places of resort. As she liked gaiety, she was strong for Brighton. "Oh, my dear, such shops! such a drive! It is Rotten Row, with the sea instead of the park on one side, and fine houses, and the dearest shops, instead of stupid trees, on the other!" In her haste, the lady did not explain the sense in which she called the shops "dearest."

But Kate, who in a quiet way had a will of her own, wanted retirement, not gaiety. Naturally of a reflective temperament, she soon felt, though she did not admit it to herself, that Mrs. Tregabbit was somewhat overpowering; and as she had once in her childhood known the luxury of recovery from illness on the cliffs at Folkestone, she spoke so urgently in favour of that place, that Mrs. Tregabbit yielded very graciously; indeed, rather confused Miss Ormond by saying resignedly, in a composed voice—

"I don't think Folkestone will agree with me. Brighton in the south, and Scarborough in the north, are the only bathing-places I ever quite feel myself at; but for your sake, my dear, Folkestone it shall be."

"Dear Mrs. Tregabbit, you are too good; I am afraid it is selfish of me."

"Oh, child! nothing pleases me so much as pleasing you. But don't call me Mrs. Tregabbit. Call me by the name I should have had if your poor dear papa had lived. Call me mamma."

Kate looked up gratefully as her friend spoke, and then said, after a moment, "There is just one objection to that."

"Oh, none, dearest Kate, none! there can be none."

"But it's not true."

"That's not our fault, you know, love; that's our misfortune. But I'll tell you what, my child," she continued, with animation, spreading out her hands, and speaking with breathless quickness, "you shall do as a little French friend of mine once did—you shall call me it in French. *Chère mère* was my name with her (nice and genteel it sounded, I can tell you), and I didn't love her half as I do you."

Kate was not exactly convinced that what was not true in English became so by being put into French, but she was affectionate, and did not like to reject the overtures made to her; moreover, she was a little amused, and so, with a laugh and a kiss, she said—

"*Chère mère*, then, let it be—that is, when we are alone."

A qualification of the consent which Mrs. Tregabbit did not quite approve. She was so demonstrative herself, she could not understand reserve in others. And she justified her plan by quoting an example—

"I knew once a very clever man—a writer, my dear, and whenever he couldn't make anything quite plain or right in English, he always put it in a bit of Latin, or something foreign, that was sure to do."

So the journey to the Kentish coast was made; and after a residence of a few days at Folkestone—there is no denying it, as Kate quietly settled down to her walking and bathing, her books, her music, her drawing, and that conservatory for odd minutes—fancy work, the *chère mère* became very restless. The sea certainly has that effect on some people, else why the need of all the concerts, balls, fancy fairs, shows, and expedients for killing time that are in favour among the annual visitors to the sea-side? As Folkestone could bear no comparison with some places in these gaieties, notwithstanding its grand and animated sea, its charming breezy walk along the Lees, its bold coast scenery, it palled upon the lively elder lady. She began to think that she was paying a high price for her post of dignity and responsibility as Miss Ormond's *chaperone*. The liberty to move about among her friends, all scarcely so well-to-do as herself, and with whom she could show off and indulge her volubility unrestrained, which, somehow, she hardly could with Kate Ormond, gentle and tractable as that young lady was—all these old delights Mrs. Tregabbit pined for.

One sweet calm morning, they were sitting on a bench on the Lees, Kate gazing on the tranquil, gleaming sea, Mrs. Tregabbit trying to read, when they saw the morning packet come in from Boulogne. It looked at first like a dark speck on a sea of crystal; then, as it drew near, and threw off the foam from the wheel in glittering, diamond spray, they could dis-

cern the light flutter of the summer dresses of the ladies on the deck, fanned as they were by the very gentlest of off-shore breezes which just freshened the air about them. The sight was so exhilarating that Mrs. Tregabbit exclaimed—

"My dear, do let us go across. It's quite stupid of us to be here, and not take a trip over. Let's see, this is Friday. We'll go and return again on Monday or Tuesday."

There surely never was a young girl who looked across from our shores to the coast of France without some more or less definite desire to make that brief, easy voyage, which brings a new kingdom, with its change of manners and language, within view. Kate started to her feet with animation, and said, emphatically—

"I should like it of all things! But can we get ready?"

"Can we!" echoed Mrs. Tregabbit, in a tone of affirmation.

And away they hastened to their lodgings to give orders for a few requisites to be packed. Their being in mourning prevented the need, which otherwise Mrs. Tregabbit would surely have felt, of several changes of dress; but it so happened that their maid was much more deliberate in her movements than they were; and so, with all their haste, they missed the mid-day boat, which caused Mrs. Tregabbit to administer a scolding to Jessy; but being already on their way and determined in their purpose, they took the next train to Dover, and reached there in time for the three o'clock steamer, and, before five o'clock, they were in the quaint old town of Calais, where, leaving the bewildered Jessy—a woman bristling with insular prejudices—to sit in the sort of glass-case where the luggage is examined, they set off immediately to Dessein's Hotel—Kate too much interested in looking about her to give very attentive heed to the ceaseless ripple of her companion's talk.

(To be continued.)

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

(AFTER VICTOR HUGO.)



GRAVE once whispered to a rose,
Which on its bosom sweetly grew,
"The night winds hush thee to repose,
And weep upon thee tears of dew.
Such gifts are sent thee from above:
What dost thou with them, flower of love?"

"First let me ask thee, holy grave,"
The sunset-tinted rose replied,
"Here, where the yew-trees sadly wave,
Salt tears are shed for one who died;
Until the day that has no end,
What dost thou with thy gift, old friend?"

The modest flower gave answer first:
"Oh, think not I was born to die!
The winds which kiss these lips athirst,
Steal with their fragrance to the sky;
Though here I fade, my happy fate
Is still to bloom at heaven's gate."

Then said the grave, "They bring no gift,
No treasure rests beneath this sod;
From off my heart bright angels lift,
On purple wings, sweet souls to God,
Where clad in silver robes they sing,
Before the Everlasting King."

C. W. S.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as we shall close the account within the next few days. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—Editor of THE QUIVER.